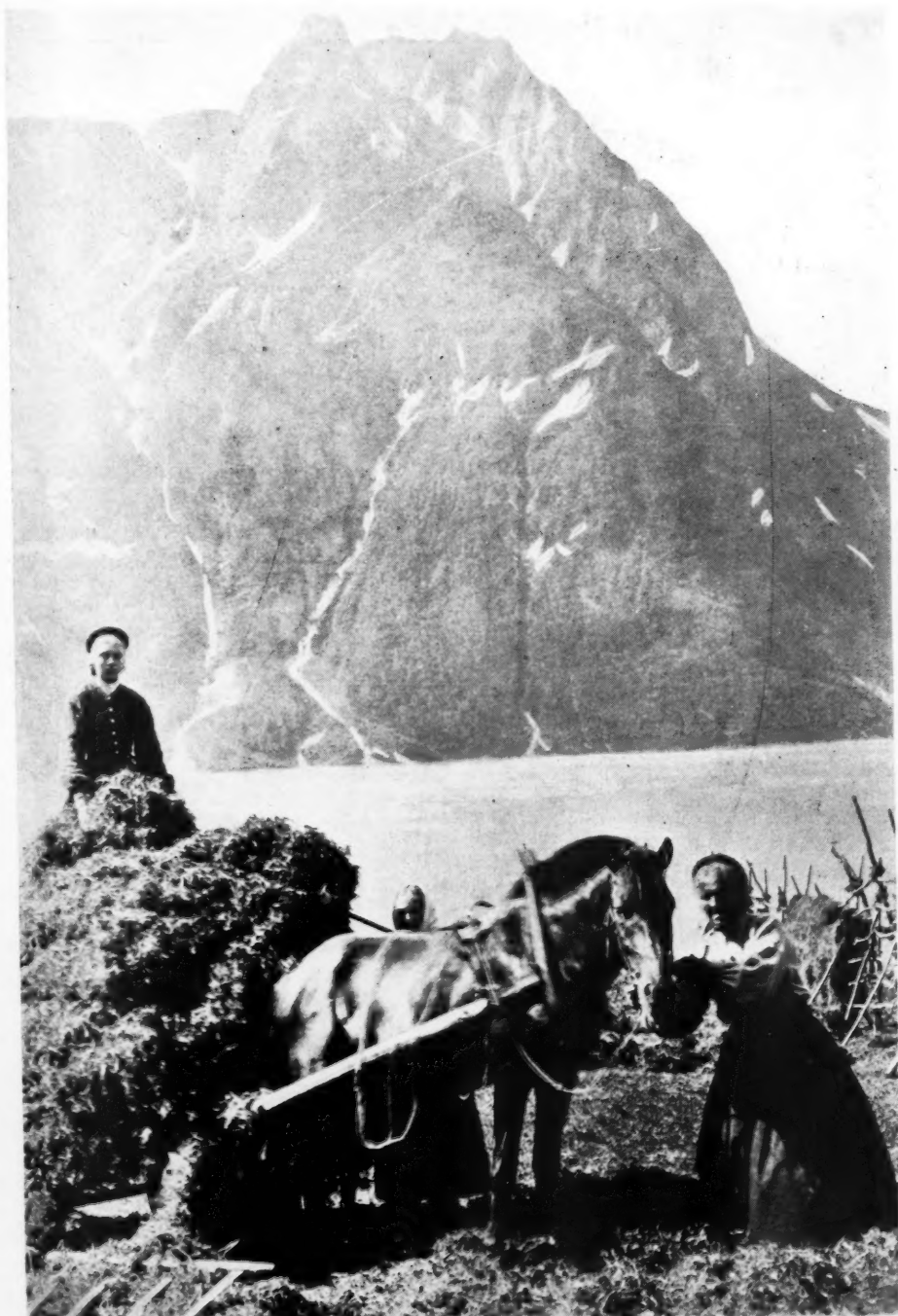


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Haymaking in Norway

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The American traveler planning to visit Norway should begin by consulting BEN BLESSUM, Manager of the Norwegian Government Railways Travel Bureau in New York. Readers of the REVIEW have learned through his frequent contributions, articles and illustrations as well, that he is a persuasive advocate of travel toward the Midnight Sun.

Anders Zorn was such an exuberant personality as were the artists of the Italian Renaissance, and whoever goes to Mora, where all things show Zorn's touch, is made conscious of this. HOLGER LUNDBERGH gives us a word sketch of him which catches this quality. Mr. Lundbergh is himself a son of a sculptor, Teodor Lundberg, and his mother, Ellen Lundberg-Nyblom, was a well known writer. Mr. Lundbergh, who has contributed previously to the REVIEW a sketch of Stockholm's famous Mayor, Carl Lindhagen, is now associated with the American-Swedish News Exchange in New York.

LAUGE KOCH's career as an Arctic explorer began in 1913 when he was but twenty years of age. Although he is still a young man he is one of Denmark's most celebrated explorers. His contributions to scientific knowledge have been many and sound and he is especially honored among geographers for having filled in by his explorations the blank spaces

in the map of Greenland. This was the special object of his expedition in 1921 when for two hundred days he traveled northward through Greenland until at the end of his famous trek only one of his team of dogs survived. The present account describes his explorations in east Greenland of a year ago.

MARIUS LÉFEVRE is a Danish sportsman who has written extensively of gymnastics and sport. In 1923 he contributed to the REVIEW an article on the gymnastic methods of Niels Bukh. Mr. Léfevre is instructor of gymnastics in the University of Copenhagen and in other Danish schools.

CAPTAIN EJNAR MIKKELSEN has frequented East Greenland since 1900 and is himself responsible, as chief of the colonizing expedition of 1924, for the establishment of the Danish settlement at Scoresby Sound, representing the first move from the Danish side after the Greenland treaty between Denmark and Norway de-



Photograph by Elfelt
LAUGE KOCH

fining spheres of influence.

DR. CHRISTIAN BRINTON, the American critic most steadfast in support of Scandinavian art, has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW and is the author of the Introduction to the Foundation's monograph on the subject. He is one of those most to be credited with the increasing American interest in Scandinavian art.



MEROK ON GEIRANGERFJORD

Photograph by Ben Blossum

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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Møre and Nordfjord

By BEN BLESSUM

IN the leisurely days of not so very long ago, before those wreckers of the life harmonious, the telephone, saxophone, loudspeaker, and automobile, had gotten into the proper swing of their ruthless and devastating stride—in those days every visitor to Norway made a host of real friends, and among them one in particular, a friend whose sedate good humor and sturdy dependability never failed, and who in addition to these virtues added that cardinal one of never talking him to death. I refer, of course, to the *Nordfjording*—not the bipedal, but the four-footed one. Fortunately he still exists, and no doubt he will always continue to be the patient, frugal servant of his master, and the most beloved playmate of the children. But the automobile has largely thrust him aside as far as the tourist is concerned, and he has once more become the docile laborer in the fields, wearing his resplendent brass-adorned harness only on church Sundays, and proudly tinkling his festive bells only when trotting to and from the neighborhood fiestas beneath the splendors of the Northern Lights.

Certainly he is the gainer, as the traveler from beyond the seas is the loser. I am sure of that. For have I not often, as in these later years I have whirled past him, seen a glint of condescending scorn in his dark eyes? And I am convinced that in the equine Elysian Fields the height of enjoyment consists in standing knee-deep in a field of celestial timothy and raucously whinny-laughing at the ghosts of a thousand cars in which are jammed ten thousand speed-mad sight-seers.

Life in general, and the Nordfjording in particular, have taught me to watch my step. Which is to say, that I am a little diffident about introducing my many bipedal friends of Nordfjord and Møre by way of their humblest, but also most indispensable, servant. Yet it does seem to me that the qualities of the horse, his industry, gentle-

ness, sure-footedness, tenacity, frugality, good humor, dignity, and faithfulness, only reflect the outstanding characteristics of his master. And certainly I ought to add the virtue, too, of pride. Not, of course, the foolish pride of family—unless one happens to be himself worthy of “the family”—but that better pride which builds on honest and earnest endeavor, no matter how humble. For as such pride seems to be personified in the high-held head, the saucy mane, and the strong splendidly arched neck of the horse, so does it also seem to flash in the blue eyes of the master and his wife, and sit upon their erect shoulders.

* * *

The administrative district, or *fylke*, known as Möre lies within an undulating line skirting the Trøndelag in the east, following the mighty slopes of the Gudbrandsdal in the south, continuing a little north of Nordfjord to the coast which it touches at the sea-beaten peninsula of Stadt, and facing the open sea to the west and north. South of Möre lies the Nordfjord district which belongs to the administrative unit Sogn og Fjordane, but for reasons of convenience, and on account of similar characteristics, is included in this sketch with Möre. It may properly be said to extend from Videsäter, Loen, and Olden in the east to the ocean in the west, and to a line cutting the large Lake Jölster in the south.

The districts herein treated therefore encompass a variety of landscapes, from the low, flat islands and skerries of the coast, over the bleakest of highland passes and plateaus, to the grandeur of the Jostedal Glacier, by far the largest in Europe. Between these extremes lie such broad and rich valleys as the Hornindal and those to the south of the great Nordfjord, together with the exceedingly beautiful Stryn Valley, on the one hand, and on the other such wild gorges as those of the Videdal, the Norangdal, the upper Romsdal, and the Sundal, to name only a few. Then again the territory is cut perhaps more than any other district in all Norway by a multitude of narrow sounds and fjords, the latter generally flanked by sharp-peaked, magnificently towering mountains, everlastingly snow-clad, and rivalling in height, wild beauty, and majestic impressiveness even those of the north of Norway fjords. The most famous of these vast and shaggy stone-giants are the Venjetinder Range, the Trolltinder Range, and Romsdalshorn in the Romsdal; the stupendous peaks lining the Norangfjord and Geirangerfjord; and the equally overpowering Lodalskaape and Ceciliekrona, together with other great peaks forming what may be called the western phalanx of that bewildering army of peaks known as the Jotunheim. In this connection it may also be worth mentioning that a little to the southeast of Kristiansund, and not very far from Opdal on the Oslo-Trondhjem Railway, lies a very noted “miniature” Jotunheim, the tallest peaks



THE VENGETINDER RANGE, ROMSDAL

of which are Trollhætta and Snehætta, the latter reaching a height second only to those of the very loftiest peaks in the real Jotunheim.

Besides numerous villages, three thriving cities exist in the *fylke* of Möre. Two of them, and these commercially of great importance, Aalesund and Kristiansund, lie on islands, while the third, the far-famed Molde, "City of Roses," lies on the northern shore of the beautiful Romsdalsfjord. From Molde, which is the capital of the district, one may enjoy a view of waters, islands, and snow-clad peaks, said by many globetrotters to be quite unequalled in the world.

As I have elsewhere been careful to note, it is difficult, if not impossible, to generalize on either the inhabitants or the geographical aspect of almost any given administrative district in Norway. Especially is this true of the western provinces, and particularly of Möre and Nordfjord. For no section of Norway shows within a small area such a variety of natural phenomena, and as the conformation of the land together with the climate naturally influence the life and character of all things living there, it follows that no other part of Norway displays such a multitude of types. The difficulty grows insurmountable, and generalization therefore misleading and harmful rather than helpful, due to the fact that the district contains two absolutely distinct types of people: the mountaineers of the interior, and the fishermen and seamen of the coast and innumerable islands. And



MOUNTAIN STREAMS IN BRIXDAL

yet there is little danger of contradiction when applying to the entire population the characteristics mentioned in my introduction. For even the seafaring man of Möre is, with all his maritime vivacity and alertness, nevertheless a far less mercurial individual than his brother of Sogn, not to mention the native of Bergen, or even of Nordland. Both in mind and speech he is more closely related to the deliberate, slow-spoken man of Outer Trøndelag than to his farther neighbors.

But the coastal population

of Norway as well as the inhabitants of the lonely little farms on the recalcitrant highlands often possess still another characteristic, the worth of which appears to be somewhat debatable: a gloomy, introspective, often even diseased religiosity. This applies almost everywhere along the coast, but is especially notable in the territory adjacent to Stavanger and in Möre. If we shall try to explain the presence of this trait, I believe the hard conditions of life, the almost complete lack of regular communications which persisted until recently, and the consequent low standard of education must first and foremost be considered. Under the circumstances, it is no more than reasonable that the Hell-fire "evangelist" even today finds fertile fields in such districts. I have sometimes wondered, too, if the same reasons are not responsible for making these sections

of the country the most impregnable fortresses of the militant—I might say fanatical—*landsmaal* men.

It seems to me, too, that it was not mere accident which made Ibsen place the locale of *Brand* in one of the cheerless outer fjords of Möre, and caused Björnson to find the dour and too, too silent peasants of his early short stories in one of the remote mountain valleys of the same district, the Eikisdal.

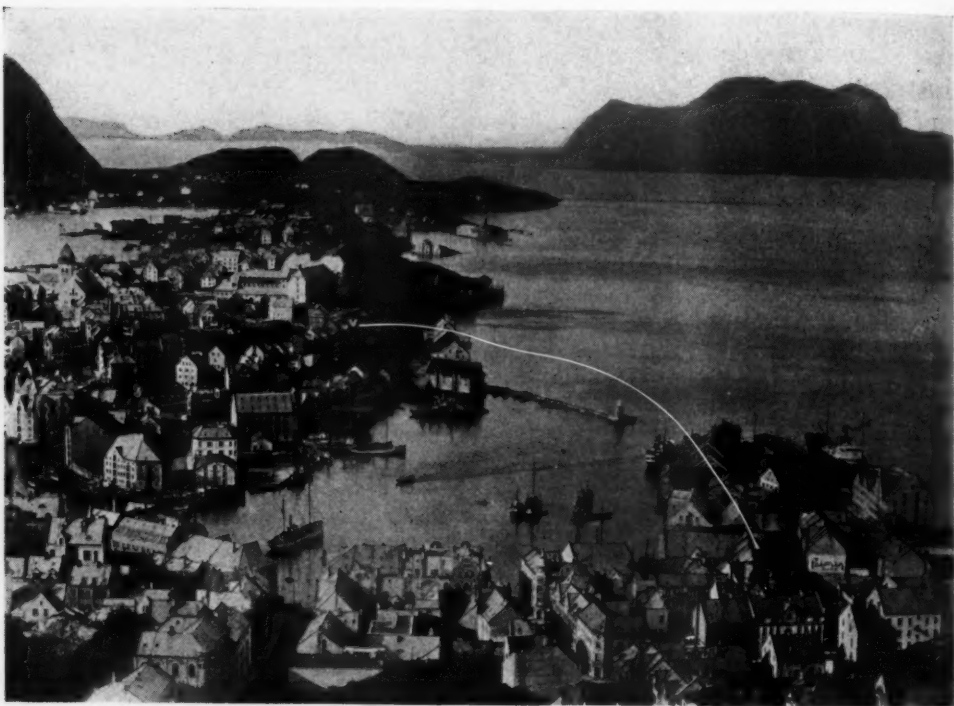
Historically, no section of Norway is of greater interest than the subject of this sketch. This

refers especially to the earliest times, before anything like cities began to exist in Norway. Taking into consideration the ocean at the doorstep, in which great fisheries have been carried on since the earliest times; the plentiful pasturage both on the islands, in the valleys, and on the plateaus; the wealth of timber; the comparatively easy access to the rich eastern districts; the great number of sounds and fjords, easy to navigate and easier to hide in, and abounding in good harbors; and the fact that the district lay on the very highway—the ship lane—by which practically all commerce had to be carried on, it becomes manifest that Möre and the adjacent territory must early have been settled and come to play a prominent part in war and peace. Some of the earliest and greatest of the mighty clans of Viking times had their chief seats on the islands



Photograph by Ben Blessum

MELKEVOLLBRE GLACIER, NORDFJORD



AALESUND

near the present city of Aalesund, notable among these being the Arnmödlingar, whose home was on the island of Giske, and who for centuries played a leading part in the politics and battles of Norway. It was they who at Hjörungavaag (Liavaag) near Aalesund, administered a crushing defeat to the dreaded Jomsvikings, the notorious band of miscellaneous assorted cut-throats in Pomerania. Then, too, the battle axes of the Arnmödlingar swung at Stiklestad, where St. Olav was killed; and at Stamford Bridge, near York, where the last Viking invasion of England, through the foolish bravado of Harald the Hardruling, ended in the death of that grim brother of Olav. Another great seat was that of the Blindheim clan, on the island of Vigra, their estate still comprising one of the larger farms of Möre. But perhaps the most notable of the really great men who once ruled in Möre was Ragnvald Mörejarl, counselor and no doubt chief general of the young Harold Fairhair, and also notable for being the father of Gangar Rolf (Rollo), the conqueror of Normandy, whose great-great-grandson William finally made all England subject to the Norse power—a work for which his relatives in Norway had paved the way for centuries and which they had to a very great extent accomplished, before the hard-fisted duke of Normandy was born.



SUNNELVSEFJORD AT HELLESYLT

Photograph by Ben Blessum

The battle of Hjörungavaag was no doubt the greatest sea engagement ever fought in the North, and it has come to be of a certain lurid interest on account of the tradition that the ruler of Norway, the great Haakon Jarl—later murdered by a slave, who for his trouble promptly was hanged by Haakon's adversary, King Olav Trygvesson—sacrificed his little son to his favorite goddess in order to insure victory. But immediately off Molde, near the island of Sækken, another sanguinary conflict took place, in 1162, when King Haakon Herdebred (the Broad-shouldered) was defeated and killed by Erling Skakke (the Crooked). Close to Sækken, and at one time connected with it, lies the small island of Veö (Holy Island), which is said to have possessed a pagan temple, and which during the Middle Ages boasted a royal town, some poor ruins of its churches still being visible. It was near the present Torvik, just across the fjord from Aandalsnes, that the ill-fated Scottish mercenaries of Colonel Sinclair landed in 1612. As will be remembered, these troops were engaged by the Swedes to fight Norway, and landed where they did knowing that no soldiers were on hand to defend that part of the country. But instead of reaching Sweden, they got only as far as Kringen, near Otta, in the Gudbrandsdal, where "the embattled farmers" suddenly fell upon them and massacred the entire force of nine hundred men,



THE GROTLI-MEROK ROAD, GEIRANGER

Photograph by Ben Blessum

with exception of a very few who escaped, and whose descendants are said to be living still in the Gudbrandsdal.

But more gently romantic memories also cling to various parts of Möre and Nordfjord. There is, for instance, the strange story connected with the tiny island of Selje, lying near the base of the noted headland Stadt, where in the days of swelling sails, there was a veritable graveyard of ships. It seems that shortly before Christianity was established in Norway, that is toward the end of the 10th century, a certain Irish princess, Sunniva, fled from her home to escape marriage with a pagan prince, taking with her a number of men, women and children. They pushed off in a boat without sails, oars, or steering gear, commending themselves to the mercy of God. The winds and currents drove them to the north of Scotland and across the Norwegian Sea, the boat finally being driven ashore on the island of Selje, where the refugees made themselves as comfortable as possible in a cave that was fortunately at hand. Their heathen neighbors, no doubt fearing magic when beholding the crosses and strange ceremonies, made ready to attack them, when an avalanche closed the mouth of the cave with great rocks. So the Irish pilgrims starved to death, which seems a rather sad finale to an adventure so auspiciously begun. But when priests had begun chanting masses, in the time

of Olav Trygvesson, at the end of the tenth century, a strange light was seen to exude from the cave; the "holy" body of St. Sunniva was recovered and revered with all the respect due a saint, and shortly afterwards a Benedictine cloister was erected on Selje Island.

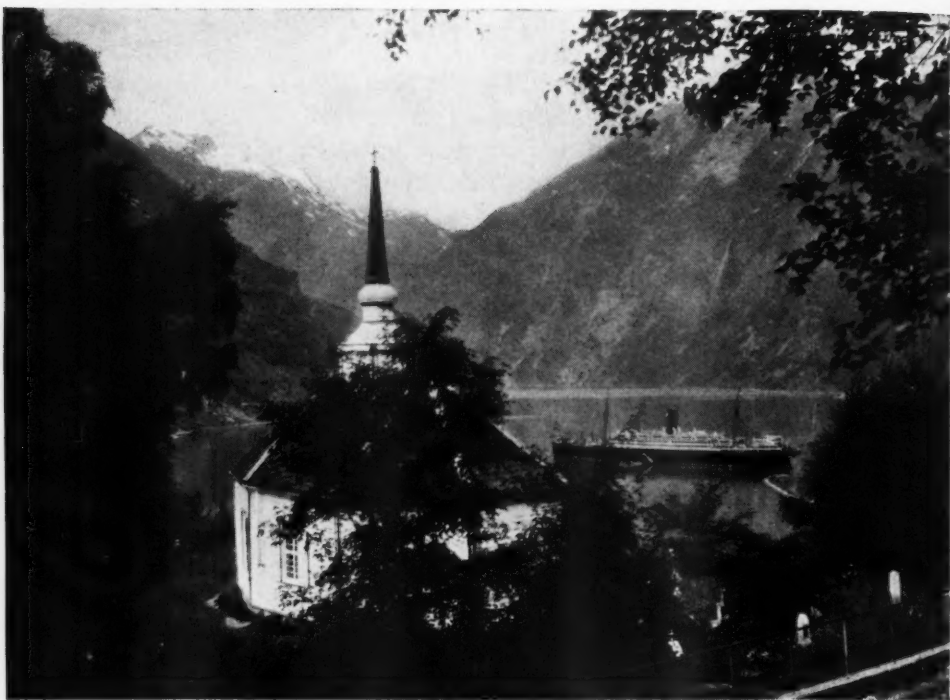
The relics of Sunniva, who became one of the three patron saints of Norway, were finally brought to Bergen, where they were enshrined in Christ Church until that edifice was burned in 1531. The ruins of Selje cloister may still be seen from the decks of passing boats.

It is curious to note that, as if to prove the possibility of such an unbelievably safe drift as that of St. Sunniva, a woman by name Elizabeth Mouat, of the Shetlands, some years ago found herself helplessly adrift in a similar way and safely drifted across the same body of water, finally being cast ashore on the island of Lepsö, near Aalesund—at the only point where a boat could land.

At the entrance to the splendid Nordfjord, and closely passed by all local service boats as well as practically all cruising steamers, is to be seen a mighty natural monument, Hornelen, an all but unconquerable peak which rises straight out of the narrow sound to a height of about three thousand feet. Attached to this most domineering of island landmarks in western Norway is the romantic story of how the prince of athletes, Olav Trygvesson, performed the incredible feat of fastening his shield to its very top; how one of his men in attempting to do the same managed to "climb himself fast" on a ledge from which there seemed no escape possible—a predicament sheep, and even goats sometimes get themselves into; and how the king once more went aloft, and brought his retainer down clinging to the royal back. It is not to be wondered at that every Norwegian aboard your steamer feels an urge to tell the stranger of this incident as he passes Hornelen and that his eye lights up with pride in the king—a king indeed!

* * *

Never have I traversed these provinces whether by land or water, that I have not thought of my boyhood hero Theseus. How futile the thread of Ariadne would have been in this labyrinth, ten thousand times greater than that of Minos and certainly not a whit less baffling! For it is impossible that any part of the earth could be more intricately criss-crossed by sounds and fjords and valleys than is the land of Möre and Nordfjord. The vast, deep furrows cut by sea and ice and glacial rivers form an uncounted number of narrow passages along which the traveller circumspectly threads his way, around a thousand treeless isles, and a host of hoary rock-trolls with everlasting snows crowning their defiant brows and silvery beards gracefully spreading down their broad bosoms. In my mind there is absolutely no doubt that the Garden of Eden lay at a certain point on the Sognefjord, and as Eden is simply a corruption of Idavoll, the home of the gods, so I entertain no doubt either that the chief assaults



THE CURIOUS OCTAGONAL CHURCH AT MEROK

of those sour fellows, the Jotuns, were made on the northern gates defending the garden surrounding Gladsheim. Of course, I'll grant the scornful scoffers that my etymology may be all wrong and my reasoning childish, but I'll couch a lance any day for the beauty of the delusion—if it is a delusion. It follows, of course, that the physical chaos observable on every hand in Möre and Nordfjord was brought about by the ragings of the giants. I am not even sure that the fairly recent great avalanche of the Norangdal, as well as the one that wiped out several farms on Lake Loen, were not caused by the sudden turning over of a sleeping Jotun, or perhaps the vindictive rage of some comparatively feeble latterday descendant of Rungnir.

However that may be, I am sorry for my reader if, of a stormy night on the Romsdalsfjord, when the leaden sea, froth-spewing and savage, again and again attacks the huddling villages, he cannot, as I have done, see Tor himself, his eyes flashing lightning, among the dark and driving clouds, and if he cannot hear the tremendous crash of Mjöllnir against the granite brows of the Jotnir, hear their blood-curdling death rattle and the terrible laughter of the Thundering God. Or, again, of a late July night, when standing at Videsäter, with the roar of the nearby waterfall in his ears, the magnificent precipice below his feet, the deep, somber, though silver-laced, valley

stretching away to the lake he glimpses far, far away,—I feel sorry for him, I say, if in the magnificent Stryn Mountains, which rise above the silent waters, their feet in purple and blue shadows, he cannot see the stupendous grandeur of Golden Valhall itself, and see among the gorgeous draperies of rose and silver and gold and pearl which festoon its shimmering walls the hosts of *einherjar* moving happily about. And, once more, he is to be pitied if he does not, across the flower-strewn fields of idyllic Olden or Loen or Sandane, hear the far-away crooning of the stately Frigg at the cradle of the shining infant Balder; or the golden-teared weeping of lovely Fröya; or the gentle whispers of Sjöfn, “she who awaketh love in the breasts of men and women.”

And, finally, how I do pity you if you can sit, on one of those marvellous evenings at incomparable Merok, in the little garden of the Mjelvas’ far-famed Hotel Union, and not hear the harp of the Nökk in the waterfall at your very feet! But I know you will hear it if you will only steal away from the dancing or the bridge at about eleven o’clock, and alone, attuning your soul to the gentle glory of the pearly night, commune with Mother Nature and the glad-sad memories of many hidden hours.

And thus will you come to know that lovely land: for it must be felt, not only seen.

* * *

Yet life is not all poetry, moonshine, and sentiment; it is also bitter prose, tears, grim, relentless tragedy. And these have steeled the fatalistic heart of the fisherman as well as that of the mountaineer, made him in the midst of his most joyous moments somewhat reserved, and imparted to his nature a somber cast comparable to that which suddenly darkens the winding sounds and narrow canyons even on the most sunlit and exuberant day. For while life is hard to-day, upon the fickle sea and the stony acres, it was for thousands of years much harder, and the impress of the millenniums is not effaced in a generation. In this day of the selfbinder and the powerful motor boat, it is not easy to visualize the day of the scythe and the frail little shell open to the storms and the crushing seas, and only the older generation remembers it. But even yet, he who on a brilliant summer day beholds the acres and acres of drying fish spread out on the polished rocks at Kristiansund, or hears the exuberant calls from sæter to sæter, needs to remember that nature and work have sterner aspects. For it is a different matter to drive for life in a little boat against mountainous waves fifty or more miles at sea before the hurricane, the icy spume blinding the steersman, and the brine in an instant freezing to ice on man and vessel—yea, even so heavily encrusting the latter that it suddenly sinks beneath its weight. Nor are there any joyous calls or frolicsome laughter to be heard on the lonely



A NORDEFJORDING

highland pastures when the storm threatens every moment to whirl the poor shelter away into nothingness, or the clammy merciless fog makes of every crevice and canyon a yawning grave, and freezes the very marrow of one's bones. And yet life is to-day sybaritic by comparison with what it was. For to-day remarkable examples of the road en-

gineer's skill reach not only into every settlement but even connect fjord with fjord and link the once isolated district with the broad valleys east of the mountains. Things were different in those not very remote days when direct intercourse was practically impossible except during the winter, and then only on skis, subject to the ghastly hazards of the mountain blizzard and death by cold or starvation. I am sure that when you and I to-day roll down into the Romsdal comfortably lolling in our deep easy chairs, enraptured with the succession of magnificent landscapes unfolded through the broad windows of our luxurious observation car, we cannot, try as we will, appreciate what that marvelous railway means to the district through which it passes. For it has largely defeated time and the obstinate barriers of Nature; brought old markets nearer and opened promising new ones; brought every man, woman, and child nearer the great world; stimulated intercourse and effort in many ways; and made new hopes and a new dawn warmly to illuminate the valleys and the islands of Ragnvald's ancient earldom.

*Photographs by courtesy of the
Norwegian Government Railways*

Uncle Anders

By HOLGER LUNDBERGH

A HEAVY figure in brown. Always in brown. Chocolate brown, snuff brown, burnt Sienna, coffee. A pair of eyes, half hidden under drooping, wrinkled lids. Big pouches under the eyes. A black tuft of hair, pulled down over the forehead in an unconsciously Napoleonic manner. Between the lips a thick, opiated De Redzke cigarette. Fat hands, with peculiarly tapered fingers, covered with rings and black hair. The tips of the fingers stained by etching acid and tobacco. A childish, sullen voice, surprisingly high-pitched for that mass of a man. Uncle Anders Zorn.

Etcher, sculptor, painter, architect, yachtsman, farmer, world traveler. But most of all a son of Dalecarlia, a native of Mora town. A patriot, of the size of Engelbrekt or Gustavus Vasa. Intensely and wholly Swedish.

This all-devouring love for his country often bordered on a chauvinism that was both ridiculous and exaggerated. Uncle Anders never let the world forget where his cradle had stood, and although one was forced to respect and admire his sincere patriotism, the manifestations thereof were frequently rather annoying.

I remember one incident particularly well. It took place in Venice, in 1909, during the big international exposition.

A fascinating detail on the elaborate program which the city of Venice staged for the entertainment of the visiting artists, was a regatta of the gondolas down the Canal Grande. All the boats, many of them veritable museum pieces, which had been laid up with the advent of the plain, black gondolas, were brought out again for some glorious



ANDERS ZORN

festive hours. There were boats richly covered with brocades and adorned with garlands of roses and laurel, boats with gorgeously painted hulls and heavy silken baldakins, boats carrying the proud flags of ancient, noble families. Even the Doge's gondola was there, leading the colorful procession; the gondola that measured two stories in height and was propelled by three layers of oars.

Every window along the course was filled with eager faces; every square foot of quay and landing was black with people, and those who had managed to secure special permits were seated in gondolas which were tied to the embankment. Before the regatta started, the Canal Grande was therefore lined with black, slender hulls.

Uncle Anders was one of a party of artists who had hired a boat. Prince Eugen of Sweden was there, I remember, and Ettore Tito, the Italian painter.

We were all waiting, breathlessly, for the procession to pass down the Canal. Suddenly a trumpet blared, and there rose a deep, unanimous sigh of expectation and excitement from the people that filled gondolas and windows and the two narrow strips of land on either side of the Canal. Then a cry, immediately taken up and multiplied, "Here they come."

Under the Rialto swept the Doge's gondola, its enormous oars, the size of flag poles, moving in deft rythm. And behind it, with bands playing, flower garlands trailing in their wake, many-colored banners cracking and waving, floated the stupendous line of decorated boats.

For a moment I looked away from the festive spectacle and turned to Uncle Anders with an eager, "Isn't it wonderful?"

I saw him sitting with his back to the Canal, facing the high stone wall to which our gondola was moored. From his pocket he had extracted a small wooden-flute he always carried with him, a worn instrument he had once carved from Swedish birch. He was playing on it. Weak, unbelievably sad notes of an old Dalecarlian tune rose in broken minors towards the laughing, deep-blue sky. He knew but two songs, and he played them over and over, with a certain stubborn defiance, as if in protest against the grandeur of Latin color and sound.

"Uncle Anders," I cried. "Turn around. Look. You will miss it."

He removed the flute from his lips, and said with an air of small-boy disgust and annoyance, "What's that to look at. I wish I were back in Mora."

Uncle Anders carried Mora with him wherever he went. His blind, unreasonable patriotism made him compare all cities and peoples with his Dalecarlian village and its inhabitants. And Mora always gained by the comparison. Other places might have interested him temporarily, but his heart never let go of his native soil, and his thoughts were forever racing back to the little grey town near the Lake of

Siljan. When he returned to Mora from a trip abroad, his home-coming was that of a victorious general, or a beloved king. The towns people, attired in their picturesque national costumes, which Uncle Anders had demanded they preserve, cherish and wear, assembled at the squat brick depot, which was bedecked with flags and adorned with wreaths and garlands of pine. When Uncle Anders stepped from his car, a cluster of school children intoned an old Dalecarlian air, a slow-moving, pathetically, depressing tune in minor, that rose and sank in tired cadences under the gathering dusk. There were speeches of welcome; curt, abrupt phrases, that told a world to Uncle Anders, who knew so well how to decipher their crude message. There were hand-clasps, vice-hard and deep-felt, and sky-clear looks that spoke a more eloquent language than the stubborn, untried tongues. It was a greeting, embarrassed and broken and ineffectual, and yet crowded with love and joy and pride.

On his first night home, Uncle Anders would sit before the fire in his big studio, a *De Redzke* between his lips, a whiskey and soda within reach. His mother,

Mona, the bony, clear-eyed little peasant woman, who lived in a house nearby, would come over and listen to his latest experiences, his travels and conquests. She would settle by the fire, light her clay pipe, and push the embroidered shawl back from her thinning, grey hair. With no other comments than a low chuckle, a nod, or a swift smile, she would follow the story of her son's triumphs. She could not speak a word of Swedish, so the conversation was carried on in the melodious Dalecarlian language.

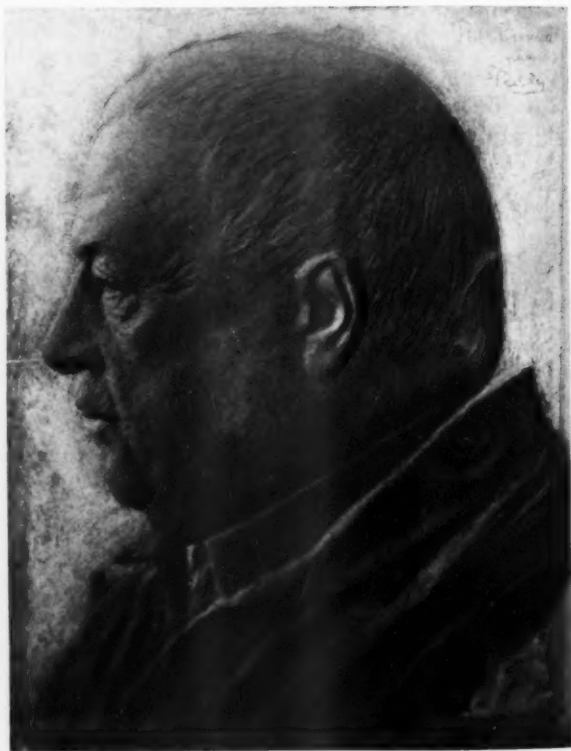


ZORN AS JUDGE OF A TROTTING RACE ON LAKE SILJAN

Uncle Anders, his heavy, brown-suited frame casting weird reflexions on the walls, would empty many drinks, render cigarette after cigarette to ashes, and recount in his strangely high-pitched voice what happened since he left. Mona, narrow and frail, her eyes on the licking flames, would spit into the fire, fill her pipe again, and smile with a pleased but unexcited mien at her boy's strange tales of royalty and riches and distant places.

I could not help thinking of Letitia Ramolino, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, they tell, received the news of his stupendous conquests in the same matter-of-fact way. "Let us hope it lasts," are her alleged comments on the report of his Egyptian victory and the happy outcome of the battle at Arcole. This Letitia was of another stock, but her characteristics were very much the same, save that no doubts ever entered Mona's mind as to the continuance of her son's success. Uncle Anders did not conquer with guns and blood, but his fame spanned the earth, and his tales must have had the same glorious ring to his mother, who had never ventured outside of Mora, as the reports of the young Napoleon's encounters had to the taciturn, unshaken Signora Ramolino.

Soon after his return to Mora, Uncle Anders set out on a tour of the town and the surrounding countryside. He looked into the houses of burghers and peasants, inquired about the condition of children and cattle, discussed crops, inspected churches and hospitals. Like a patriarch, his advice was sought in grave and insignificant matters. Did he consider Professor X. a happy choice for a visiting lecturer in modern farming at the People's High School—one of Uncle Anders's many gifts to the community—did he think that Ola Persson should paint his house red or yellow, would he ad-



A BRONZE RELIEF OF ZORN BY TEODOR LUNDBERG

wise the pavement of this street, the erection of that barn. He stated his opinion, voiced his approval or doubt, praised, criticized.

He organized ski clubs and skating tournaments; he staged trotting races on the Siljan, acting as referee from the back of Thor, his fat, shaggy pony. He donated money to a new library, listened to complaints about leaky roofs, attended barn dances and baptisms and weddings, sent wreaths to funerals, encouraged home industry of every kind, and bought more chairs and cupboards, shawls and woven blankets than he could possibly use.

But when things had been put in order, and the news of his homecoming had spread to the big cities, Uncle Anders wanted to get away. There were too many visitors at Mora, too many distinguished critics and professors and illustrious foreign artists to please him. He wanted peace to work, and the right surrounding in which to do it.

It was then he used to travel to Gopsmor, an obscure little village in the northern part of Dalecarlia. There he owned a small house, an infinitely crude and rustic abode, built from heavy logs, and containing but one large room. In the middle of the earthen floor was a hearth, serving both as heating plant and cooking stove. The smoke found its way out through a large hole in the roof. Along the walls ran some narrow benches. The door was low, decorated with a wrought iron lock of ancient design. Near this shack was another dingy building, laid out after the same pattern. The only difference consisted of a large window on the northern wall. This was Uncle Anders's workshop, where he painted many of his peasant girls and village smiths.

When the early dusk fell over the town, he would wash his brushes and repair to the adjoining hut where a heavy dinner was waiting. In the evening, some of his friends would gather with him around the blazing fire. They were milk maids and carpenters, fiddlers and school teachers, watch makers and farm hands, servant girls and flute players, seamstresses and coachmen. A representative group of the intellectual and manual workers of a small Swedish town. Uncle Anders knew them all by their first name, and while they regarded him with a certain respect, he was, none the less, one of them, a peasant among peasants, a Dalecarlian who had left home early and seen the world, made money and won fame, but who never could or would break the ties that held him to his native soil and the people who inhabited it.

For hours, Uncle Anders would sit by the sparkling flames and listen, intensely pleased, to the slow-flowing talk of the men and women around him. Their marital joys or rifts, their problems of farming, their little scandals and indiscretions, their aims and ideals interested him tremendously. A fat De Redzke bobbed between his lips while he gave them his paternal advice, or coaxed some musician

to play a tune he liked particularly well. At times, the group broke into singing; a melancholy, monotonous folk song, that trembled and limped. Uncle Anders would then join in the chorus, his high, querulous voice rising above the deep, nasal chanting of barytones and altos. In his hands was a piece of wood, on which he was carving. His tool consisted of an ordinary jack knife. The uncertain, flickering light from the fire made his attempt of sculpturing still more difficult, and the curling smoke from his cigarette which he refused to lay aside, stung his eyes and blurred his vision. But when he had finished his work, it proved to be a ladle, on which was outlined, clear and stunning as a cameo, the figure of a young nude girl. In all its details a perfect little masterpiece, it had grown out of a splinter of birch wood with which he had been playing for half an hour or so. It was a question of salvaging the exquisite carving before Uncle Anders threw it into the fire or made toothpicks out of it.

Mora and Gopsmor were, of course, his logical, his fitting backgrounds. The taciturn, stiff-necked Dalecarlians in their gorgeously bright costumes, speaking their peculiar, singing language, were his bloodbrothers and henchmen, in the company of whom he always felt completely at home. The stern, heavy mountains and the deep pine and birch woods around the Siljan were parts of a nature with which his soul was akin.

But whether I met him in his native state, at the Savoy in London, or the Ritz-Carlton in New York, whether we ran into each other at Caracalla's Terms in Rome or in the lobby of the Royal Daniele in Venice, he was very much the same. A heavy figure in brown, with a De Redzke cigarette in the corner of his mouth. A sleepy, but observant look from under drooping lids, an attitude of boring and listlessness when praise was sung to the grandeur of his art, a high-pitched, cracked voice, speaking with the same tone of fatigue and irritation mingled, whether he addressed an emperor, a multi-millionaire, or one of the stable hands at Gopsmor, a tobacco-stained hand, covered with rings and black hair, holding in a solid grasp an enormous drink of Scotch and soda.





MUSHING THROUGH ON THE LIVERPOOL COAST

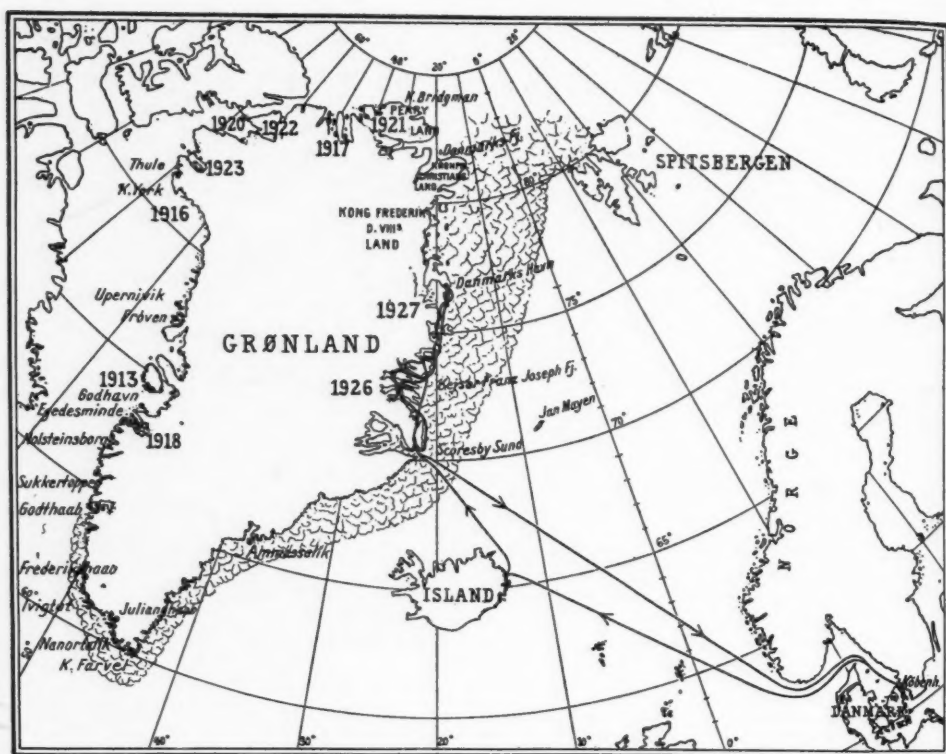
North of Seventy

An Explorer's Year in East Greenland

By LAUGE KOCH

LOOKING BACK over the past fourteen years, during which time I have been associated with the development of Greenland, it seems to me that there has been a decided change in the public conception of the problems of that country. I need not even go as far back as fourteen years ago: until 1920 Greenland was to the mind of the general public something very remote and almost unknown. In that year I started my expedition for the north of Greenland and for three years I was entirely cut off from all connection with the outside world. What surprised me most upon my return was the interest shown in Greenland, not alone in Denmark but also in Norway.

In 1925 I proposed plans for a geological expedition to East-Greenland between Scoresby Sound and Denmarkshavn, and the following year the Danish Ministry of the Interior offered to pay for the expedition, the aim of which was primarily geological investigation. On previous expeditions interesting fossils had been found, but a complete geological map of the coast had not been made. It was also expected that during our trip we would obtain knowledge of the hunting grounds north of Scoresby Sound.



MAP RECORDING KOCH'S GREENLAND EXPEDITIONS

My companions on the expedition were: A. Rosenkrantz, engineer; Dr. T. Harris, whose assistance was graciously offered by Cambridge University; Tobias Gabrielsen, a West-Greenlander and my traveling companion in 1916, also known from his two-years' stay in East-Greenland as member of the ill-fated Denmark Expedition under the late Mylius Erichsen; and Karl Mathiasen, another West-Greenlander known as an able dog-driver and experienced hunter.

In examining the larger map, which illustrates this article, it will be seen that great masses of ice float down between Greenland and Spitzbergen, following the coast of East-Greenland and finally melting away along the southern part of the west coast. Both summer and winter this current carries large cakes of ice in great number down along the coast; the speed varies greatly, being on an average that of a slow pedestrian. This stream of ice plays an important part in the mode of living in East-Greenland. Some years there is so much ice that even in late summer it is difficult and well-nigh impossible to reach the coast; in other years the ice masses are small. Naturally the climate of the country is greatly influenced by these conditions.

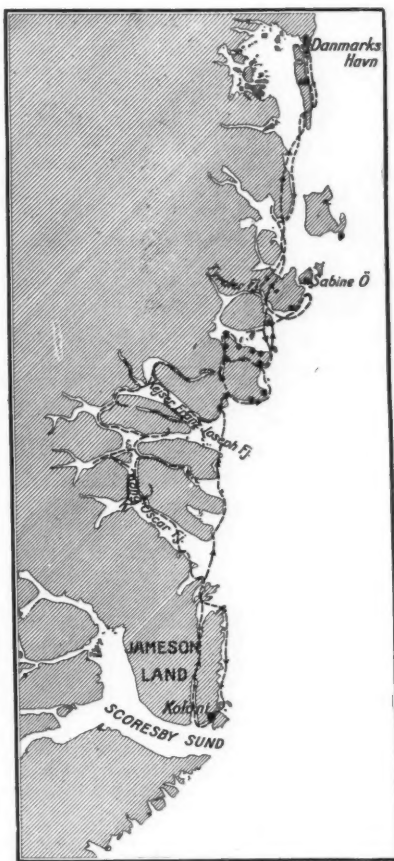
Exactly one hundred and fifty years ago a great catastrophe oc-

curred amidst the ice masses off Greenland. In 1777 about forty whaling boats ran into the ice off Scoresby Sound and the crews of approximately 350 men floated along the coast in boats and on ice cakes; only a little more than a hundred men reached the Danish colonies, while the others perished among the ice floes with terrible suffering. Other losses have occurred in recent years: in 1923 the Danish vessel *Teddy* was sunk but the crew was rescued, and that same year the Norwegian ship *Anni* went down with everyone on board.

We, however, were fortunate. By means of the large, strong government steamer *Gustav Holm* we reached the colony without difficulty. The first problem that awaited us upon our arrival was the building of a house for the members of the expedition. In contrast to most camps, which are only to last for the period of the expedition, ours was to stand for a hundred years; it was therefore built especially strong, comprising five rooms, and was completed by October, 1926. This building is intended to serve as domicile in the future for a radio telegrapher of the new large radio station that has been built this fall in Scoresby Sound.

At the end of October the ice was strong enough to enable us to proceed north on our first sledge trip. We had forty picked West-Greenland sledge-dogs, and on October 27th the two West-Greenlanders and I started north. As I expected to find plenty of game along the coast, we had taken provisions only for one week and our trip was expected to take a month.

In our expectation to find game we were at first greatly disappointed. In Carlsberg Fjord and in the fjords farther north we encountered an enormous amount of ice and deep snow, and it took us a week to reach the mouth of King Oscar Fjord, by which time our supplies were nearly exhausted. We could not take the chance of losing any dogs at this time, because we would need them urgently in the spring for our big sledge-trip, and besides both my companions



DETAIL OF LAUGE KOCH'S ROUTE
1926-1927

were of the opinion that we ought to turn back. Since my trips to North-Greenland, however, I have become accustomed to avail myself of every possible chance, and I decided therefore to travel north one more day.

As soon as we had penetrated into King Oscar Fjord, we found new ice without snow and we made a long day's trip; but there was no game. Therefore, on the following morning I gave orders to turn back. This was a great disappointment to me, for I had hoped to be able to reach the Norwegian radio station at Franz Joseph Fjord in the fall. While we were packing the sledges, we saw two grouse overhead, soon landing a short distance inland, and started off to shoot them, for this meant food for us. At the place where the grouse had landed we discovered the fresh tracks of musk-oxen which we followed, and before the end of the day we succeeded in shooting a big bull and carried the meat down to our quarters. Now we had food for a few days and continued our trip northward.

The next morning a bear came loitering down toward our camp, and in a few moments he was ours. The meat was stored to furnish food for our return trip, and we then continued on our way. We had not gone far before the dogs took up a scent, and at full speed we covered the smooth ice; in about ten minutes we discovered what the dogs had scented: it was, of course, a bear. We shot but only wounded him; the bear jumped onto a small island and disappeared as if sunk into the ground: he had fallen into a cleft in the rocks. If we were to kill him while down there, we would be unable to get him out, so we threw a noose around his neck and then, with the combined efforts of the bear and ourselves, got him out of the cleft. Unfortunately we had been too hard on him, for when we got him out, he sank dead to the ground; we had strangled him.



JOSVA AND HIS WIFE

Early in November we stopped at the Norwegian radio station and after a few days continued our trip into Franz Joseph Fjord, as I also wanted to investigate this fjord on my way back. One evening we pitched our camp in the dark: the dogs took up a scent and we spent a very restless night, remembering that several times at night the food we had on our sledges for the dogs was eaten. We thought at first that a couple of the dogs had become loose; but to our surprise the next morning we found that only one dog was free instead of the several that we had been almost sure we heard in the course of the night.

In the forenoon I started out looking for fossils in the rocks and, as was my custom on my trips in North Greenland, I went unarmed. It is a peculiarity of the arctic explorer that once having received a shock under certain conditions, he becomes nervous and terror-stricken when he meets similar circumstances, a feeling that may be compared with the horror some women have toward mice. What frightens me are tracks of wolves, and I believe the origin of that may be found in my explorations ten years ago when I lost one of my comrades; we never found him, he was no doubt torn to pieces by wolves.

Old tracks of wolves together with a feeling of being followed were probably the reasons that I returned to our camp sooner than I had expected. Not far from our tent I discovered four wolves which had followed in my track and now approached rapidly. The last stretch was a fierce race between the wolves and myself. We reached the tent simultaneously, and one of my men immediately shot one of the wolves while the others fled into the mountains. This was the only really perilous moment during our entire trip.

Without further occurrence of much interest we reached our house at Scoresby Sound by the end of November. A storm, however, a few days



AT THE MYLIUS-ERICHSEN BEACON



MEMBERS OF EXPEDITION ON SS. GUSTAV HOLM

before had torn up the ice in the mouth of the fjord, and it was only with great difficulty that we passed the last points and reached our camp crossing on very thin ice. Our first sledge trip was thus ended.

We had gained a great deal of experience, made interesting geological investigations, and found big bear-hunting grounds north of our camp.

The winter in Scoresby Sound was very quiet. The water off the mouth of the fjord was still open, and mild weather and strong gales brought heavy snow-fall. I had intended to start north on February 15th, 1927, but due to unfavorable weather had to postpone our trip until the 22nd. Most of the inhabitants of Scoresby Sound gathered to bid us farewell.

We started on our trip in deep snow, and the words "deep snow" might well be used as the title of this journey: it was deep snow every single day from beginning to end. The difficulties that I had encountered on previous trips to North Greenland were mainly hunger, and I would prefer it to snow if I had the choice. After food is provided one soon recovers; continuous snow is much more injurious to one's constitution and it takes longer to recuperate from the effects of a long sledge trip in deep snow than from the lack of food.

We traveled along the edge of the coast up to the Norwegian radio station; the snow was very deep and that delayed us from the very beginning. In March we made but little progress for we had to fight against heavy gales from the north and continuous snow. Fortunately we were able to spend part of the time during the gales in the houses of the East-Greenland Company, of which there are several between the Norwegian radio station and Sabine Island.

On the thirtieth day after our departure from Scoresby Sound we drove up to Sabine Island where the East-Greenland Company has its headquarters. We were so close that by means of field glasses we could see the house on the coast, when suddenly we were stopped by open water, water as far as one could see. The coast consisted of vertical cliffs, and toward the south lay Tyrol Fjord, so named by a German expedition because the mountains, almost 200 meters high,

reminded the Germans of Tyrol. Here we stopped and could not see any way ahead.

It has happened several times on my trips to Greenland that I have come to the point where suddenly all possibilities of advancing seemed closed, yet every time I have found a way out. But never before did my helplessness appear so complete as at this moment, and I realized that for the first time one of my trips might be broken up and that I would be unable to reach the goal I had set. I thought of Peary the north-pole explorer, and of his motto: "Find a road or build one!"—words that at this moment seemed empty phrases to me.

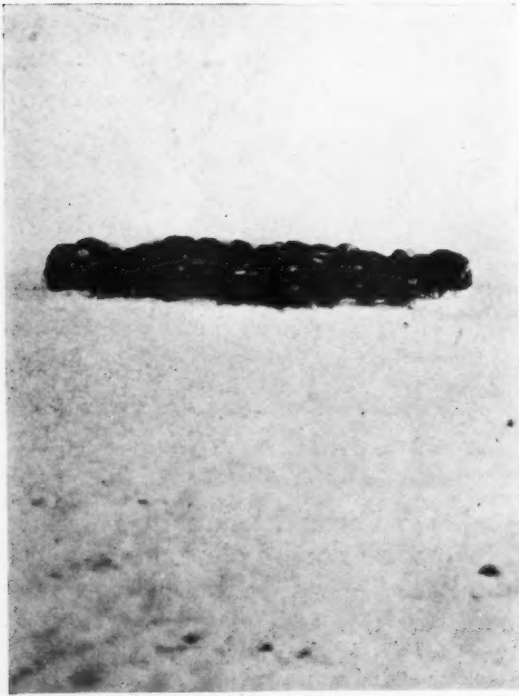
Our position was indeed difficult. We had no more petroleum; we knew that there was petroleum on Sabine Island, but we could not reach it. We had to go southward immediately, and I sent two sledges down to one of the houses to fetch some petroleum, thereby losing several days. Together with an eskimo I went into Tyrol Fjord to make geological studies, and after a few days we found to our surprise a gap which upon close investigation appeared to be passable. However, we had to ascend to a height of 700 meters, and with great effort we got back on the ice north of Sabine Island, thus having walked around the open water.

Without further happenings we drove northward, continually in deep snow, and on April 8th reached Denmarkshavn—the goal of our sledge trip. My companion, Tobias Gabrielsen, who had spent two years in this region, told me that he had never encountered so much snow. After a brief stay we returned and arrived on Easter Day in a terrific snow storm at Tyrol Fjord.

Throughout our entire trip I had expected to replenish our supplies with bear meat, but to our great surprise we shot only a few bears. The fact that there were hardly any bears along the coast in March and April was, no doubt, due to the uncommonly deep snow that kept the animals away from land. Bears are very common on the pack-ice, they float down on the ice cakes, and when meeting open water they realize that now they must be careful so that the ice shall not melt away from under them. They travel northward to the coast, that is north-west. The first time the bear meets open water on his trip southward is off the mouth of Scoresby Sound, where local currents



POLAR BEAR IN FRANTZ JOSEPH'S FJORD



A HERD OF MUSK OX

always produce uncertain conditions, and it is likely that already at this point almost half of the bears go northward. Then they make for the big fjords, King Oscar Fjord and Franz Joseph Fjord, but they never seek the fjords which open northward: they know from experience that in such fjords there is pack-ice and deep snow. The passage of the bears this year occurred a month later than usual, and it was not until May that they made for the fjords.

A little south of Clavering Island we visited the two Norwegians who live farthest north. At present there are six Norwegian hunters in East-Greenland, three of them are educated as radio

telegraphers, and the radio station sends daily weather reports to Norway. These men are very able fox-hunters—they all have gained great experience from their former stay in Spitzbergen—but the fox is scarce in East-Greenland and hunting does not pay.

After a person has lived for months in a tent at 30-40 degrees below zero, it is a great change to live in a house. The small Norwegian hut seemed extremely warm, the temperature was in fact over 20 degrees above zero, which meant an increase in temperature of 60 degrees. One becomes tired and dull, sleeps badly and often awakes with heavy nosebleeding.

The month of May we spent in the great bear district to make geological studies, and during this month we shot eighteen bears. We saw a great many more, but eighteen was all we needed for food for the dogs. By traveling at night we covered long distances in spite of the bad conditions under-foot, for during the night ice formed on top of the melting snow. In the neighborhood of Carlsberg Fjord I climbed a mountain 100 meters high, but could not see open water. I decided, therefore, to go around the ill-famed Liverpool coast, where we were agreeably surprised to find good sleighing. There had been open water throughout the winter, but in March the ice was driven close to the coast where it remained, and the heavy snow storms had filled up the

crevices between the ice masses, so that we drove on fairly even snow along the coast which with its rugged alps, nearly 2,000 meters high, possesses some of the most magnificent scenery in Greenland.

Other interesting features were observed in driving along this coast extending approximately 100 kilometers. We drove about 5 kilometers inland from the coast, and during the three days and nights of this journey the air seemed filled with millions of invisible larks which sang incessantly night and day. They were, however, not larks but small mountain birds, little auks, which breed in multitudes on these mountains. They move in large cloud-like flocks towards the open sea to seek food, flying so high that one cannot see them, hearing only their chirping, and their song is doubly enchanting in these so silent polar regions.

On June 1st we reached Scoresby Sound, thus successfully completing our 2,500 kilometer sledge trip.

It has been said by the eskimos that my sledge trips always ended by killing our dogs for food. On this expedition, however, I only lost one dog which was killed by a musk-ox, and I was glad to show that I also could return from a long sledge trip without having been obliged to eat my dogs. But I must admit that my companions and I, as well as the dogs, were more exhausted than we realized.

In the beginning of August the ship that was to take us home arrived. It remained about a week to unload supplies for the new radio and seismographic stations, and after a very successful trip we arrived in Denmark on August 20th, 1927. The expedition was finished; we had reached our goal. The knowledge we gained, particularly in regard to the hunting grounds, is mainly attributable to my two West-Greenland companions who were much more skilled than I in the art of hunting.



A WOUNDED MUSK OX

A Note on Scoresby Sound

By EJNAR MIKKELSEN

THE SETTLEMENT in Scoresby Sound was built in the summer of 1924 and its equipment completed in the course of the winter. Then in the summer of 1925 a company of colonists, ninety men, women, and children came from Angmasalik. The colonists unfortunately had brought with them a malignant influenza which cost five lives and paralyzed the activities of the colony; but before the New Year the epidemic had spent itself. Hunters again ventured out, and their catch exceeded expectations so that when the ship returned in the summer of 1926 it was

realized that the colony had come through its youthful ailments. Not only had it been demonstrated that hunting is good, but there had been found also a wealth of birds in the mountains of the Liverpool Coast, convenient to the colony; and coal had been discovered in such considerable quantity that the colonists were assured of fuel in plenty and need not reserve the seal oil from sale to the Royal Greenland Company.

In the years 1926 and 1927 the earlier promises of abundant game were fulfilled; the Greenlanders continually discovered new hunting grounds where, for example, large seals were found; and Lauge Koch found numbers of bears in Kaiser Franz Joseph's Fjord to the north. The health of the colonists during the past year has been good, and the colony increased by the birth of eleven children.

Accessibility by boat has been maintained in the four years since the colony was established, and it can now be taken for granted that the colony and the colonists can take care of themselves even if ice conditions for a single year should be so difficult that ships may not reach the colony.

In 1927 a seismographic station was established in Scoresby Sound and a radio station as well, so that communications can now be maintained and daily meteorological reports received, an accomplishment of great importance for the weather forecasting service of Northern Europe.

On the whole, it has now been demonstrated that expectations entertained concerning this colony were justified, for it has become an established link in the chain of Danish colonies on Greenland's western and eastern coasts.



SCORESBY SOUND IN SUMMER



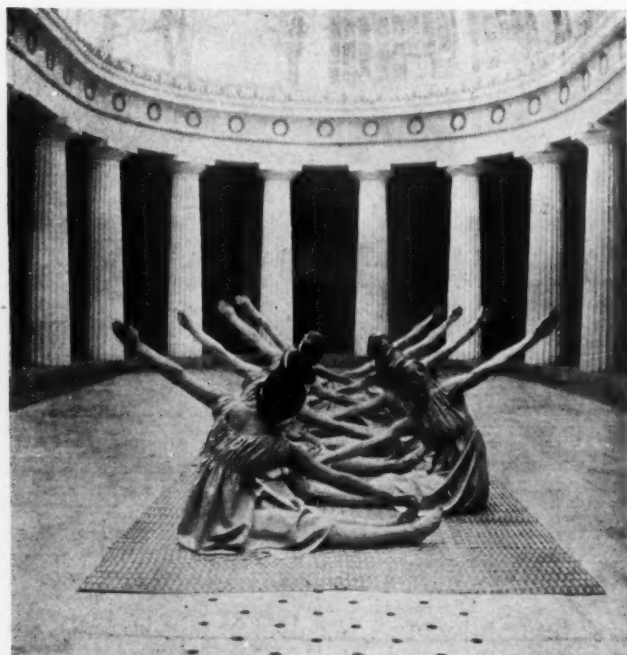
A New Form of Women's Gymnastics

By MARIUS LÉFEVRE

OF THE three Scandinavian countries Denmark is the one where there has been the greatest stir in the world of gymnastics during the last generation. New ideas have been evolved, and not the least important contribution is the development of a new idea in gymnastics for women. A young instructor in physical training, Fru Agnete Bertram, has essayed to do for women what the famous Ling system did for men in Sweden.

The radical fault in all the older types of gymnastics for women is that they are merely men's gymnastics modified to suit the lesser strength of women. As Fru Bertram once said in speaking of her own training, "It was based on a system planned for the army and navy." The system in vogue for women in Denmark was evolved by a military judge, Paul Petersen, and bore his name. About the end of the last century, when the state established a training school for women teachers of gymnastics the Petersen system was superseded by that of Ling. Of both it must be said that they were merely men's gymnastics adapted for women.

Swedish gymnastics are built on considerations of the anatomy and the mechanism of the body. The system is logical in theory and simple in method, but it is essentially masculine in its movements, its combinations, and its rhythm, in short in its whole character. Not only that, but it necessitates many decidedly unfeminine poses. This was realized as early as twenty years ago by the Swedish-Finnish pedagogue, Elli Björkman, who introduced modifications looking to greater femininity. Although she was still too much under the in-



RHYTHMICAL HARMONY

fluence of the Ling principles to emancipate herself entirely from them, her experiments nevertheless meant a great stride forward in the liberation of women's gymnastics from the masculine dominance.

Agnete Bertram realized, while she was yet in the Institute preparing herself to teach, that the line of work followed was not suitable for women, either physically or temperamentally. Later at the University, Professor J. Lindhard, under

whom she studied physiology and the theory of gymnastics, helped her to clarify her ideas and gave her the impulse which led her to break with the older system. She began to study women, their temperament and their natural manner of moving and carrying themselves. On this basis she has built up an entirely new set of exercises. It is her theory that there is no reason for using positions that are objectionable from the esthetic point of view if the same results can be attained, and the same groups of muscles set in motion, through exercises that are pleasing to the eye.

Agnete Bertram's first principle in developing a form of gymnastics for women is that it shall be feminine. It must reflect the mind and temperament of women, and it must take account also of the

great anatomic and physiological differences between men and women, notable in the regions of shoulders and hips.

The second principle is that the exercises used must be practical. They must follow the same laws that govern the natural, spontaneous, but always purposeful movements of the body in the ordinary course of daily living. On this point it would seem that Fru Bertram has discovered a principle which may also have its application to the gymnastics of men.

In addition to her thorough study of anatomy and physiology, Agnete Bertram has familiarized herself with the finest types of plastic art, especially with the sculpture of the ancient Greeks, and she has succeeded in breathing something of their spirit into her work. This does not mean, however, that she attempts to express emotions through plastic poses. On the contrary, her exercises are characterized by unceasing motion. One movement follows upon another, flows into another, in a perfect

rhythmical harmony. The Greek spirit is felt in the beauty and grace that make every movement, the smallest as well as the greatest, a perfect esthetic enjoyment to the onlooker. Beginning gently, the exercises increase in energy and volume, so that the whole group of related exercises impresses one as a piece of classic music, a living work of art.

It is not too much to say that Agnete Bertram is the first one to build up a system of gymnastics for women which is based on a thorough scientific study of women, and is anatomically, physiologically, and esthetically in harmony with their spontaneous mode of expression. Though so radical in its departure from old methods, her system has not roused the opposition that might have been expected.



A STUDY IN BALANCE

By its naturalness and simplicity, it has won friends everywhere and has to a greater or less degree set its stamp on all gymnastics for women in Denmark.

Ten years ago she gave her first public exhibition with six pupils. Now she has a thousand pupils. The fame of her system has spread to other countries. She has given courses and exhibitions in England, and the training school for teachers which she has recently established is attended by many foreigners.

Fru Bertram is herself a graceful and agile gymnast who in her own person demonstrates the possibilities of her system.



Photograph by Jul-Folkmann

AGNETE BERTRAM



THE SIDEWISE MOVEMENT

Scandinavian Art at the Carnegie Institute

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WITHOUT question is Scandinavian art winning its rightful place in America. Progress has not been rapid, but it has been continuous. Upon the wave of Teutonic romanticism were swept to our shores during the seventies and eighties of the past century numerous canvases by Gude and Tidemand who adapted the Düsseldorf tradition to the depiction of Norwegian scene and type. The Chicago exposition of 1893 revealed to us for the first time the stimulating figures of Zorn, Larsson, and Liljefors who exemplified the clear-toned French impressionist technique. Fritz Thaulow's sensitive, sparkling vision had meanwhile won

immense popularity with local collectors. And thus, by the time of the St. Louis exposition of 1904, we had become agreeably acquainted with the general characteristics of the Northern School of painting.

The Scandinavian Art Exhibition of 1912-13 was, however, the first comprehensive display of the art of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway to be seen in

America. Whilst it had certain shortcomings, its outstanding merit was the frank inclusion of what was actually being accomplished in the studios and ateliers of the Northland. Strictly speaking, neither the Swedish Art Exhibition of 1916, nor the Danish National Exhibition of the current year (both of which were splendidly presented in the Brook-

lyn Museum), was relatively so advanced and forward looking as their predecessor.

In recognition of the growing importance of Northern art, it is a pleasure to note that at least two countries, Norway and Sweden, figure in this season's annual international exhibition arranged by the Carnegie



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum
ON THE BRIDGE BY EDVARD MUNCH

Institute of Pittsburgh and recently on view at the hospitable Brooklyn Museum. Five painters in all are included, the total number of canvases being twenty-one. It is a somewhat sparse offering, yet one not without interest and significance. A single individual—the pioneer Scandinavian modernist Edvard Munch—represents Norway, and grouped about Munch are four



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum
INTERIOR BY EINAR JOLIN

Swedish artists, though alas no Danes.

It is Munch in his latest, sublimated phase that looks from these walls. It is Munch purged alike of the Hans Jæger—Christian Krogh naturalism of the late eighties, and of the pathological tendencies of the decadent nineties when he lived and painted mainly in Berlin. It is Munch clarified, enamored of light and color, and frankly exulting in a species of chromatic pantheism that illumines every corner of these vigorously brushed canvases. The sun which was denied Osvald, in *Ghosts*, has in all verity been vouchsafed this man who himself once walked in the shadowland of a tortured subjectivity.

It is generally conceded that the leading Scandinavian modernist painter after Munch is the Swede, Isaac Grünewald. Like Munch Grünewald, though at a much later date, became the storm

center of his country's art, which position he still in a measure maintains. Grünewald's most ambitious contribution to the Carnegie Institute Exhibition is a big, freshly treated pictorial fantasia entitled *Imperia*, the balance of his group being without significance. Taken in its entirety Grünewald's inspiration is Gallie, and his art French expressionism transplanted to Stockholm. One here notes the sparkle of the Boulevards rather than the magic pulsation of the Arctic aurora. The cosmic Munch has passed through numerous cycles. Grünewald, save in craftsmanship, has not gone much beyond the Parisianized youth who first astounded the Swedish public at Salon Joël in the summer of 1912. Art, save in its narrow, esoteric implication, is a matter of spiritual values. And thus it takes a solitary, aspiring soul such as Munch to prove the sterility of what is termed "pure painting" as practised by the ubiquitous Cézanne-Matisse-Picasso cult.

Not a little influenced by Henri-Matisse is also the Swede Einar Jolin, though Jolin's viewpoint is personal and



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum
IMPERIA BY ISAAC GRÜNEWALD

his small, discreetly toned panels are by no means devoid of piquant synthesis. Of the two exponents of outdoor subject in the Swedish section, Axel Sjöberg is decidedly more stimulating than the mild-visioned Mellström. Sjöberg discloses the true Northern note in his vigorous glimpses of ice-locked strand, dark stretch of wind-whipped water, or the phantasmal radiance of the Lapland

summer. It has, however, remained for Scandinavia to produce but one indisputable master in the province of pictorial expression. The rest seem mere epigoni beside the Norse colossus. Perhaps the Carnegie Institute, or the more courageous Brooklyn Museum, will eventually show us Edvard Munch in his sovereign strength as was lately done in Berlin and Oslo.

"My Friend in Denmark"

LAST summer Denmark entertained one hundred and one boys from American colleges and preparatory schools, who were received for a month as guests of private families in and about Copenhagen and Aarhus. The undertaking grew out of the world-spanning interchange of letters organized by Dr. Sven V. Knudsen through the *Open Road* magazine for boys published in Boston. Dr. Knudsen is a native of Denmark, where he is known as "Sven

Spejder," because of his leadership in the Scout movement. The correspondence system which he organized is known as "My Friend Abroad, the World Directory of Boys of All Nations." Correspondence naturally led to a desire to meet one another, and this desire crystallized in the trip of last summer. Dr. Knudsen, who has a genius for organization, personally accompanied the party. The days on shipboard were fully utilized for a short course in Danish and for a



AN OLD HOUSE IN AARHUS



A FOOTBALL GAME ATTENDED BY KING CHRISTIAN X



ARRIVAL AT AARHUS

series of lectures on Denmark. At the same time the American boys prepared to show their Danish hosts American sports and to entertain them with American singing, jazz, and other characteristic products of our civilization.

The welcome in Denmark was overwhelmingly cordial. Innumerable smaller and larger private parties were given, and the American boys had good use for what they had learned of Danish. Their knowledge was put to a still more severe test when it became necessary to respond with speeches at more formal functions, as when *Berlingske Tidende* entertained the American hundred together with three hundred Danish boys and girls in Studenterforeningen in Copenhagen.

The trip resulted in invitations being extended from the homes of the American visitors to the Danish boys where they had been entertained to make a return visit to the United States.



JAZZ

With such evidences of success to encourage him, Dr. Knudsen in the early winter proceeded to Sweden and Norway to lay plans for a greater crusade of American boys for the summer of 1928 and successfully solicited the cooperation of the Rotary Clubs there. He returned to America and confidently chartered a ship to carry boys not only to Denmark for his second venture, but

also to Norway and Sweden; four hundred in all, two hundred to be welcomed this time in Danish homes, one hundred in Sweden, and one hundred in Norway. The itinerary is so planned that the three divisions will meet for a final week together. In recent years few undertakings have promised more to influence for good the future relations between our own and the nations of Northern Europe; and as for the boys themselves—how can they better make use of a summer?



ON SHIPBOARD

CURRENT EVENTS



U · S · A ·

¶ For the third time since his declaration of last summer that he did not "choose" to be a candidate to succeed himself, President Coolidge stated that he would not permit his name to go before the Republican National Convention, which is to meet in Kansas City, Mo. This was in answer to the request of the Wyoming Republican State Central Committee which asked the President to "waive his personal preference and consent to continue for an additional four years the leadership which has brought honor and prosperity to this country." ¶ At the same time, William R. Wilcox of New York, who managed the Hughes Presidential campaign in 1916, predicted after a call at the White House that President Coolidge would be nominated at the convention next June. ¶ With the Republican convention less than two months away, it appears that Secretary Hoover is still the leading candidate on that ticket. Among the "favorite sons" in the state primaries, Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio attracted most attention by speeches in which he attacked the policies of Secretary Hoover as an "opponent of the old-fashioned Republican doctrine of a protective tariff." Senator Willis was tragically removed from the contest by his death at a political rally in the chapel of Ohio Wesleyan University on March 30. ¶ President Coolidge personally decorated Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh with the Congressional Medal of Honor for his memorable flight across the Atlantic last May. Another honor bestowed on Col. Lindbergh was the Woodrow Wilson Medal and the Woodrow Wilson Peace Award of \$25,000 at a dinner of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation in New

York. ¶ Replying to the Porto Rican Legislature that Porto Rico be constituted a "Free State," President Coolidge in a letter to Governor Towner stated that the island now had greater liberty than before in all its history and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of the United States. ¶ President Calles has signed the new regulations governing the Mexican oil law, and the Washington administration believes that the adjustment is a practical conclusion to a vexed problem of long standing which will go far towards making relations with Mexico permanently harmonious. The law is designed to remove any retroactive or confiscatory application to American oil rights acquired before May 1, 1917, declaring in effect that such titles stand in perpetuity. ¶ In an address before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York, Senator Kellogg said that the object of the negotiations for the advancement of world peace with France and other countries is to conclude an "unqualified multilateral anti-war treaty" to supplement the treaties of arbitration and conciliation already in force. ¶ The World Conference on International Justice which is to feature the Centennial Anniversary Celebration of the American Peace Society at Cleveland, Ohio, May 7-11, will bring together many of the men and women foremost in the movement for world peace. The conference is offered as a direct answer to President Coolidge's challenge that "it is for the generation which saw and survived the world war to devise measures of prevention." ¶ The Bureau of Census announces a new estimate of population at 120,013,000 on July 1, 1928, as compared with 105,710,620 on January 1, 1920. New York State leads with 11,550,000, Pennsylvania coming next with 9,854,000, and

Illinois with 7,396,000. ¶ Aviation in America lost one of its greatest champions and supporters in the death of Rodman Wanamaker, who not only backed Commander Byrd in his flight across the Atlantic but was much interested in his coming trip to the Antarctic regions. Mr. Wanamaker left a fortune estimated between \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000. ¶ The merging of the New York Symphony Society and the Philharmonic Society into one organization is an important event in American musical history.



DENMARK

¶ The political controversy over the disposition of the Landmandsbank reached a crisis in the Folketing, where the opposition parties assumed a critical attitude before the Government in the latter's efforts to reach a decision. The proposal of the Madsen-Mygdal regime was to the effect that if no buyer could be found for the bank before 1931, liquidation of its affairs should take place the year following. The vote in the Folketing, however, was unfavorable to this proposition, and the matter is left for further consideration later. ¶ On questions of the army and adequate national defense, the Folketing entered into heated debate, developing great opposition to any reduction or the entire abolition of the cavalry. A proper defense of the capital was insisted on by the Conservatives. As usual, the Socialists maintained their stand regarding reductions in all branches. ¶ Plans are in the making for the development of a Greater Copenhagen which will include the whole of the country surrounding the capital, and strong support for the scheme is developing in the Rigsdag. ¶ Traveling abroad as the Count and Countess of Marselisborg, the King and Queen were interviewed at Cannes by a representative of *Extrabladet*, who sent his paper an in-

teresting account of his meeting with the royal couple. The incognito was respected by the many visitors at Cannes, who nevertheless remarked on the democratic manner of King Christian as he moved among them. ¶ The centenary of the inclusion of gymnastics in the regular curriculum of the Danish national schools will be celebrated the coming June under the auspices of the Minister of Education. There will be a sports gathering at the Copenhagen Stadium. ¶ A movement to give Eskimo women and other residents of Greenland education in such subjects as household science has been set on foot in Denmark. Dr. Knud Rasmussen is largely responsible for the increased interest in Greenland affairs, both cultural and economic. ¶ After visiting various agricultural schools and dairies, Governor Bilbo of Tennessee expressed himself in enthusiastic terms about Danish farm progress. ¶ The Danish statistical bureau states that 8,105 residents of Denmark emigrated in 1927; 6,491 to the United States and 1232 to South America. In addition, 3,590 persons from other countries sailed from Danish ports. ¶ The Scandinavian societies included in "Norden" have addressed their respective ministries to request abolition of passport regulations between these countries. ¶ The successor to the late Professor Fibiger, Dr. Albert Fisher, who was attached to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute at the time of his appointment, was formerly a fellow of the American Scandinavian Foundation at the Rockefeller Institute. ¶ A theatrical event of importance was the coming to Copenhagen of the noted Luis de Vries Company from Holland which played in a repertoire. ¶ Mrs. Nina Bang, Minister of Education in the Stauning cabinet, died after a short illness. Mrs. Bang did much for the political advancement of Denmark. She was first woman to hold a portfolio in the Danish cabinet, perhaps in any cabinet.



SWEDEN

¶ On the sixteenth of June this year, King Gustaf of Sweden will have reached the age of seventy. His popularity with all classes is so great that, in spite of all the present-day republican aspirations, elaborate festivities are being planned to celebrate the event. In accordance with his own wishes, the twentieth anniversary of his accession to the throne, which occurred last December, will be commemorated as well on this occasion. An appeal to the public has already been made for the collecting of a sum of money which is to be the gift of the whole Swedish people to their King; the decision being left with him as to how this fund is to be expended so as to form a permanent memorial. The King has already expressed his intention of using this gift as a fund for combating cancer in Sweden and for the furtherance of scientific research about this dread disease. ¶ The census shows that Sweden's birthrate continues to diminish most alarmingly, and the statistics for 1927 will place her the lowest of any country included in the report. At the same time the increase in Stockholm's population establishes a new record. It was 11,367 for the year, bringing the city's total up to 464,700 inhabitants. This growth may be ascribed altogether to the moving in of the rural population, for the natural increase in comparison to the mortality shows a deficit of 325 persons. It is also plainly seen that this great addition in the capitol's population will not continue for many more years. ¶ Among Sweden's most important industrial products, which are exported to the whole world, are separators. The three largest companies in this field, Separator, Pump Separator, and Baltic, are now uniting in one concern, the first two having acquired between them all the shares

of the Baltic, for a price that has not been made public. The combined capital of the three companies exceeds 92 million kronor. ¶ A professor at the Technical College in Stockholm has recently constructed an electrical hammer, a problem he has been engaged upon for five years. It is called the Weinaf hammer and extends over a range of from one-tenth to seven horse-power. It is thought that this invention will be developed into a new Swedish product for which there will be a world market. ¶ Schemes for relief by employment in public construction by the Government in Sweden since 1914 has cost no less than 165 million kronor, of which 74 million kronor have gone into various projects in road building.



NORWAY

¶ No other author from Northern Europe has become international in the same sense as Henrik Ibsen. It was therefore quite natural that the Norwegian Government should decide to give the celebration of the Ibsen centenary an international character by inviting distinguished dramatists, actors and critics from practically all European countries and from the United States to attend the festivities at Oslo. About a hundred foreign guests accepted the invitation and took part in the centenary. The United States were represented by Robert Underwood Johnson, former Ambassador to Italy, Professor O. E. Rølvaag, Professor Gisle Bothne, and Mr. T. R. Ybarra of the *New York Times*. From Germany came, among others, the distinguished dramatist, Max Halbe, and the leading actress, Louise Dumont. France sent a particularly strong delegation, three members of which, M. Lugné Poe, Professor Verrier, and Professor Ehrard came as special delegates of the French Ministry of Education. The famous French actor, Fir-

min Gémier, also took part in the celebration. The festivities commenced on Thursday, March 15th, with the performance of *Brand* at the National Theatre. On the following days the National Theatre performed *The League of Youth*, *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Wild Duck*, and *Rosmersholm*. Special Ibsen lectures were given at Oslo University by Norway's two leading Ibsen specialists, Professor Halvdan Koht and Professor Francis Bull. The University Library arranged an extremely interesting exhibition of Ibsen editions in all languages, portraits, caricatures, etc. The memorial celebrations culminated on March 20th, the hundredth anniversary of the great dramatist. In the morning wreaths were placed on Ibsen's grave in the churchyard of Our Saviour by the president of the Storting, the Minister of Education, and the foreign delegates. A memorial meeting was held in the Aula of the University. The rector, Professor Sæland, announced that four foreign Ibsen scholars had been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *honoris causa*: Sir Edmund Gosse, the German Professor Woerner, the French critic, P. G. La Chesnais, and the Finnish Professor Vasenius. La Chesnais was present and made a short speech of thanks in Norwegian. After the performance of *Rosmersholm* in the evening, the students of the University marched in torchlight procession to the National Theatre. The day concluded with a banquet given by the Government at which speeches were made by the Premier, Johan Ludwig Mowinkel, and by representatives of the foreign delegations, including Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rølvaag. Mr. Johnson presented addresses from the Dramatists' Guild and New York University. After a week of festivities at Oslo the foreign guests proceeded to Bergen to attend two memorial performances at the local theatre

of which Ibsen was the director in the fifties. Ibsen's native city, Skien, in southern Norway and several other towns also celebrated the centenary in various ways. In all schools throughout the country Ibsen was remembered—at the initiative of the Minister of Education—by the recital of poems and extracts from the dramas of the great author. ¶ Something of a theological and political sensation was created by the pronouncement of the Minister of Church and Education declaring Dr. Kristian Schjelderup unfit for the position of clergyman in the State Church because of his radical, unitarian views. The minister based his decision on legal grounds, the Constitution and other laws containing provisions to the effect that clergymen in the State Church must adhere to the Lutheran religion. The Minister's action was strongly criticized in *Tidens Tegn* and some radical papers. In the Storting Mr. Rolf Thommessen put forward a motion of censure, which, however, was defeated by a large majority, practically the whole bourgeois bloc of the Storting supporting the Government. ¶ By the death of Sigurd Bødtker Norway lost her most distinguished dramatic critic. During the thirty years in which Sigurd Bødtker was the dramatic critic of *Verdens Gang* and later of *Tidens Tegn* he exercised a great influence on the development of dramatic art in Norway. ¶ Professor Harald Sverdrup of the Bergen Museum will be one of the party of scientists sent by the Carnegie Institute of Washington on a three year cruise of the Pacific and Indian Oceans for magnetic and oceanographic research. Their ship, the *Carnegie*, is so constructed as to be free of magnetic deflections, wood, brass, and bronze replacing iron. ¶ Work on the New Theatre in Oslo has progressed steadily and it is now expected that it will be completed by October 1 with the most modern stage appliances.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Officers: President, Henry Goddard Leach; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade, and William Hovgaard; Treasurer, H. Esk. Moller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary and Editor of the REVIEW, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

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Co-operating Bodies: Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 24-A, Stockholm, Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Oslo, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

March 15 on the Foundation's calendar is marked in red, because on that date all applications for Fellowships for the ensuing academic year must be in the office of the Secretary. The jury which determines upon the awards then examines the papers and meets on the first Saturday of April to select the Fellows. The list of Fellows for 1928-1929 will be published in an early number of the REVIEW. The Jury has before them this year one hundred and eight applications, forty-five of these being for the study of scientific subjects in the Scandinavian countries. As usual a high percentage of the applicants for Fellowships were attracted to subjects such as agriculture and forestry; and another group is composed of students anxious to work with the leading physicists.

Interesting Manuscripts

The Foundation received recently three manuscripts of unusual interest, gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Leach. One of these is a military order signed by Marshall Bernadotte, the founder of the present Royal Family of Sweden; another is a letter of New Year's greetings from Charles XII to a German Landgrave; and the third is a brief note

in the hand-writing of the great Swedish singer, Christina Nielsen.

Former Fellows

Dr. Ernst Antevs, a Fellow of the Foundation in 1920, has continued since that time the study of glacial geology at various institutes in the United States, and the American Geological Society has published as its Shaler Memorial Volume of 1928 his study of *The Last Glaciation; With special reference to the ice retreat in Northeastern North America*. In a preface to the volume Professor Goldthwait of Dartmouth College remarks: "Insofar as it presents evidence not hitherto given out, this book is another step forward in the attack on fundamental questions of the Ice Age; but more than that it is a deliberate pause, on the part of this versatile and thoroughgoing scientist to consider what other investigators the world over have been finding and thinking." Another important work of correlation of international research has been undertaken by Dr. Tage U. H. Ellinger, who first came to America from Denmark as a Fellow of the Foundation, and has since been designated as Director of the International Live Stock Exposition in

Chicago. He has organized within the last year international research directed to the elimination of the corn borer, a blight which appeared for the first time in the United States in 1916 and has since gradually spread westward. This is a problem with which European investigators have been concerned for many years, and under Dr. Ellinger's direction further investigations are now being carried on in ten European institutions, in France, Germany, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Sweden, and Denmark. . . . Dr. Albert Fisher, who spent a year at the Rockefeller Institute as a Fellow of the Foundation, has been mentioned in the Danish press as a suitable successor to the late Professor Johannes Fibiger. Professor Fibiger, it will be remembered, received the Nobel prize last year.

A Fellow in Art

Dr. Sixten Strömbom, one of our current Fellows from Sweden, has just completed a tour of the leading museums of the Northeastern States between Washington and Boston on the coast, and as far west as Chicago and Detroit. Dr. Strömbom is Assistant Director of the National Museum in Stockholm, and has as his special province the direction of the educational programs in the museum. It is this aspect of American museum administration, the development of the museums as educational institutions for the general public, that has especially impressed him.

A Guggenheim Award

Among those who received appointments to fellowships by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for the coming year was Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, professorial lecturer in history, University of Minnesota, assistant superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society; to carry on researches in the history of Norwegian emigration to the United States. Dr. Blegen is also editor of the publications of the Norwegian-American Historical Association.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

The Ibsen Centennial in America

The tributes to Ibsen's memory these days may without undue exaggeration be termed nation-wide. From day to day the press chronicles special programs and voices its homage in editorial columns. New York as a dramatic center plays Ibsen rather constantly, but in honor of the occasion Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre gave three performances on March 20. The Norwegian National Alliance (Nordmandsforbundet) arranged a festival of music, speeches, and scenes from several of the dramatist's plays on March 18 at the Al Jolson theatre. Ben Blessum gave the address of the evening and Borgny Hammer played the chief dramatic roles. Prior to this the Norwegian Intime Theatre in Brooklyn gave a performance of *Peer Gynt*. At the Community Church in Manhattan, John Haynes Holmes preached on the life, art, and thought of Ibsen. Radio programs were broadcast; over one station Consul General Fay spoke, and a large orchestra played the *Peer Gynt* suite.

At Washington the Norwegian Minister, H. H. Bachke and Madame Bachke gave a large reception at which Hanna Astrup Larsen delivered a lecture on Ibsen. In Chicago Nordmandsforbundet sponsored a performance of *Peer Gynt*, *Det Literære Selskap* arranged a program at the Norwegian Club, and *The Vikings of Helgeland* was played in the Goodman theatre of the Art Institute. Minneapolis had a three day celebration staged by the Norwegian National Alliance. It included a performance of *The Pillars of Society*, speeches, and music. The main addresses were by Carl G. O. Hansen and Professor Martin B. Ruud, and the play was directed by Johannes Grøseth.

The Little Country Theater at Fargo played *The Vikings of Helgeland*. Special celebrations of the occasion were also held in Northfield, Decorah, Seattle, Everett, and San Francisco.

The American guests of the Norwegian government at the national celebration in Oslo and Bergen were Robert Underwood Johnson, former American Ambassador to Italy, representing various American literary and other bodies, Professor O. E. Rølvaag, of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, author of *Giants in the Earth*, and Professor Gisle Bothne of the University of Minnesota.



Tycho Brahe's Globe

This silver globe, made for the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, some four hundred years ago, is on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History in New York. It was brought to America through the efforts of Dr. Clyde Fisher, curator of the Museum and President of the newly formed Amateur Astronomers' Association. The astronomical ball is of silver, nearly a foot in diameter, and with the known heavenly bodies of the period depicted on the surface in relief.



Red Rust, by Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown. \$2.50

Red Rust is another notable addition to the growing collection of significant novels on the Scandinavian immigrant farmers in the Middle West. The scene is laid in Minnesota, and the book deals with a young Swede, Matts Swenson, and his struggle to produce a better and a rust-proof wheat. Almost without any formal education, he eagerly grasps at every opportunity to enlarge his knowledge of nature and her workings. Experimenting on raising wheat seed becomes his chief interest, and just as his efforts have been crowned with success, but before he realizes the greatness of his achievement, he dies. He is not too deeply interested in study and experimenting to neglect human relations, and the story of his protecting care for the Jensen family, his unfortunate neighbors, is of an equal interest with the account of his development of the perfect wheat.

A. C. R.

Industry in Sweden. Published by the Federation of Swedish Industries, Stockholm.

This work gives an excellent, non-technical, general view of Swedish industry, its different branches and their nature. The book is divided in two parts; the first on the foundations, conditions, and national importance of these industries, and the second on the various branches and products, beginning with the most important, namely the mining and metal. Experts in the diversified fields have contributed chapters, and many illustrations, maps, and diagrams add to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

Svenskt-Engelskt Parörlölexikon; en Radgivare på Resor i England och Amerika, av Henry Buerger Goodwin. Stockholm, Norstedt.

This pocket dictionary and phrase book should prove to be highly useful to the traveler. It is indeed much more comprehensive than the usual compendium in this class. The definitions are practical and lucid, the illustrations helpful, and the type and paper good and attractive.

Sweden, by Dudley Heathcote. With illustrations by A. Heaton Cooper. London. A. C. Black, Ltd.

Few books about Sweden have been more delightfully illustrated than this one designed for an English public. Because of its illustrations the book itself is an invitation to wanderers, and in its text is gathered the kind of information that a tourist has difficulty in collecting for himself. There is a deficiency of such books about northern Europe, and the American tourist should be grateful for this English publication and the companion book on Denmark which will be issued.